

# Coming Back to Life

by no.44

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Summary: Hogwarts AU. Art and his twin, Saito, have had a rough childhood and they think everything will be fine when they get their Hogwarts acceptance letter... but they couldn't have been more wrong. NicexArt. OC. Rated M for future chapters.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Hi! This is just an idea that came to me after seeing the ED pictures of Nice and Art's brother in episode 12 of Hamatora. I just felt the need to make a Hogwarts AU. Sorry for any mistake.\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing. \*\*

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><p><strong>Chapter 1: The Final Cut<strong>

\*\*Through the fish-eyed lens of tear stained eyes  
>I can barely define the shape of this moment in time<br>And far from flying high in clear blue skies  
>I'm spiraling down to the hole in the ground where I hide.  
<strong>

\*\*~The Final Cut by Pink Floyd\*\*

When Art and Saito received their acceptance letter for Hogwarts, School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, they couldn't have been more ecstatic. The twins were eleven years old and they have grown in a Muggle home, totally alienated from any magic-related activity but the letter was pretty clear, they were wizards and they were accepted to a magical school. The siblings were vermin at the eyes of their parents; they were just two freaky kids with equally freaky abilities. So, for the twins, to know that there were more people

like them was like a dream. Art specially couldn't wait to get out of that house, he couldn't even call it a home; he hated it there so much it was painful.

Their first year of their lives had gone as smoothly as you can expect with two unexpected babies. The parents fight amongst them, they had a rough time with money and so on but it could be said that they were happy. Nonetheless everything went to hell when the twins started doing weird thingsâ€¦ levitating their toys, making them move on their own, and so on. It's safe to say that no muggle parent would be totally fine with this, for muggles this was a sign of evil. And that's how the twins became nothing but a plague to their parents.

Art was the one that had to deal directly with their parent's cruelties; he was the older twin, so he felt responsible for his brother's happiness and did everything in his power to keep him away from the awful reality and so far he had succeeded and was quite proud of that. As they grow up, Saito was the happy, carefree kid he deserved to be. As for Art, he grew up to be cold, quiet and a bit ruthless. He didn't think twice to use magic against someone who pissed him off. Yeah, he didn't have training or a wand but he was a genius like that. Mostly it was instinctive magic, pure casualties, but as years went by, he even created a few spells on his own. It was really helpful.

It was the day before the last day of August when the glorious letter arrived and Saito being the oblivious kid he was, wanted to tell his parents the good news even if Art was against the idea. Saito thought that, if their parents knew that magic exist, it would change their opinion about them. He couldn't have been more wrong.

"YOU ARE NOT GOING!" yelled their father while shredding the letter to pieces. "Even if I want nothing more for you to be out of my sight, there is no way I'll going to allow you to become weirder than you already are!" He finished with a tone laced with hatred. Their mother just seemed to agree with anything the man said, watching the scene unfold with cold eyes.

Saito recoiled from his father's abrasive answer and his mother's dead eyes and that was Art's cue to jump in front of his twin, adopting a defensive stance.

"Don't yell at him" Art said in a menacing voice. Matching and exceeding his father hatred-laced tone. 'Kill him' said a little voice in his head.

"I do what I fucking want!" the man yelled at the same time he made a move towards Art and Saito. Art knew what his father wanted to do and he wouldn't allow it.

"Don't get any closer!" Art yelled and immediately an invisible force threw his father backwards, who fell on the floor from the sudden push. 'Finish him' his mind was screaming. But Art couldn't do it, he wasn't a murderer.

"You piece of shit" their father grunted as he stand up. "You are gonna pay"

Saito was shaking so hard by now that Art feared that he was going to

collapse any time soon. Art didn't need to think it twice; he grabbed his brother and hauled him out of the house and straight to the crowdy morning London streets.

"Good riddance" Art heard his mother yell and his step faltered a bit. It hurt. But the twins didn't stop.

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><p>That's all for today. I'm on vacations so I have like 8 chapter already written, so I'll probably update the second part tomorrow.<p>

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing. \*\*

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><p><strong>Chapter 2: You Gotta be Crazy<strong>

\*\*Who was born in a house full of pain

>Who was sent out to play on his own<br>Who was raised on a diet of shame

>Who was trained not to spit in the fan<br>Who was told what to do by the man

>Who was broken by trained personnel<br>Who was fitted with bridle and bit

>Who was given a seat in the stand<br>Who was only a stranger at home

>Who was ground down in the end<strong>

\*\* - You Gotta be Crazy by Pink floyd \*\*

Art ran as fast as his small legs and the heavy weight of pulling his twin along, would let him. After about twenty minutes of running, Art went into an alleyway and stopped to catch his breath and check how his brother was doing.

Saito was totally out of breath and had tear stains in his round cheeks. Art almost broke down at the sight but he knew he needed to be strong for his brother's sake. The older twin knew that Saito had never seen his parents treat them like that, as it was always him who dealt with them. He would cover his brother with a blanket and murmur a Silencing charm whenever their parents, his father specially, would feel like insulting them.

"Are you okay, Sai?" Art asked while putting a hand on his brother's shoulder.

Saito only nodded.

"What are we going to do now, nii-chan? We can't go back but we have nowhere else to go!" Saito said between breaths. Art knew his twin was panicking and he wasn't far behind from doing the same.

"We will figure something out, don't worry Sai" The older twin said after composing himself a bit. "Let's go, we need to find somewhere we can stay for the night" Art said as he grab his twin's hand again

and dragged him into the streets for the second time that day.

Only that this time, the siblings hadn't even put a foot out of the alleyway when they heard a screeching sound and the next thing they knew, is that they had a double-decker, no make that a triple-decker, bus in front of them. Yeah it was even over the sidewalk but apparently no one could see it.

"What the hell!?" yelled Art as he moved back a few steps pulling Saito with him

"What is that, nii-san?" Saito questioned with a nervous edge in his voice. Just as he finished saying this, a young guy stepped out of the bus.

"Welcome to the Knight Bus, emergency transport for the stranded witch or wizard. My name is Stan Shunpike and I will be your conductor this evening." The guy recited in a monotonous voice. It was obviously a well practice phrase.

The twins could only stare open mouthed at the guy and the weird purple bus.

"Well, come on then! And close your mouths, you'll catch flies" Stan said with a mocking tone. Art and Saito quickly climbed the stairs of the bus and stood awkwardly behind the driver's seat, not knowing where to sit.

"Woah! This is so cool nii-chan! Look, look! They have beds instead of seats!" Saito said when he spotted the beds. He was already recovering his usual cheerful and loud demeanor. Art sighted and watched as Stan hopped on the bus too.

"That's one loud kid!" Shrieked someone with a weird accent. Art and Saito jumped, startled, they hadn't see anyone else in the bus. "Look at them! Jumping like scared cats!" with that, the twins finally spotted the source of the voice. It came from a shrunken head that was hanging from the windshield of the bus. That did it for Saito, the shock from seen a shrunken human head talking made everything that had happened that day come forth in the mind of the younger twin and he fainted, dropping to the floor with a loud thump.

"What the hell!" Art crouched in the floor next to his twin. "Was that really necessary? You brainless twat, he has had a rough day." Art glared at the head. "He didn't need another shock today." Art said at the same time he was trying to put his twin in a one of the beds.

"And you are not shocked?" Asked Stan, suddenly acting serious and interested. He was observing Art with calculating eyes.

"No" The older twin stated coldly, matching the calculating eyes of Stan.

"What did you say your name was again?" The bus helper asked.

"I didn't" Art snapped. Stan sighted and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Well, whereabouts are you headed?" Stan asked, mocking, sarcastic

tone back.

"I-Iâ€¦|" Art started but was quickly interrupted.

"You don't actually know, right? You can ask for help kid, you are eleven after all. Take this; we are going to the Leaky Cauldron." He said as he handed Art an envelope and a key. "Just read it" Stan said when he saw the apprehensive expression the kid was showing. Art for once, obeyed and did what he was told.

"Mr. Art and Saito" the letter read. "We'll be waiting for you at Hogwarts. You will be staying at the Leaky Cauldron until the 1st of September, day which you will go the King Cross Station to take the train at the Platform 9  $\frac{3}{4}$ . The key is for your vault at Gringotts, a magical bank. There you will find everything you need. Take care" There wasn't a signature or a name at the end of the letter but suddenly Art felt like hugging someone, anyone.

"It is from the headmaster himself. He takes care of every student, so you'll be fine kid, don't worry" Stan ruffled the hair of the kid. Art felt his eyes fill with tears and he sniffed. "Get some sleep; it will take a while before we get to the Cauldron. Art could only nod as he rubbed his eyes. He hates to cry.

Art dragged himself to the same bed that his twin was using and the instant his head touched the pillow, he fell asleep.

The twins woke up when they almost fell out of the bed as the bus came to a stop. It's like he can't even drive, though Art as he shook the last remains of drowsiness.

"We are here! The Leaky Cauldron, London's finest pub!" Laughed Stan. It was obviously sarcasm, the place was in a terrible state and truthfully, it was quite creepy. Art and Saito were quiet for a while as they stepped out of the bus, they didn't have any luggage with them, so it didn't took long for them to be in front of the door of the pub.

"See ya, kids!" Stan yelled as the bus sped up and joined the main street, disappearing instantly.

Art and Saito entered the place after that and were welcomed by an old hunched man that told them to follow him to their room. When they reached the shabby room, he left without another word.

"What are we supposed to do now nii-chan? We don't know anything about the magic world, how are we supposed to fit in? What if they reject us as mom and dad did? Where are we going to live now?" Saito rambled on and on. He was clearly scared.

"It's okay; the headmaster sent us a letter with what we should do now. It's late already, so we can't go out right now but we will go shopping first thing tomorrow and I'll explain everything to you then. He even gave us a key to a vault in a bank, isn't that great? I'm sure Hogwarts will be awesome, Sai." Art mumbled tiredly from his pillow at the great four post bed, the events of the day finally catching up with him. "Get some sleep, Saito."

Saito did as he was told, and for the second time that day, the twins fell deeply asleep.

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><p>Sorry I just love Pink Floyd to much so you'll have to deal with their songs for a bit. Sorry for any mistake --' English is not my language.<p>

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing. \*\*

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><p><strong>Chapter 3<strong>

\*\*And then the one day you find

>Ten years have got behind you<br>No one told you when to run

>You missed the starting gun <strong>

\*\*~Time \*\*

The next time they woke up wasn't to them almost falling off their beds, no, now it was to the constant hoot of a bird. What they didn't realize was that the bird was actually on top of the bedâ€¦ to be more precise, it was nested between the twins.

"What the hell!" "An owl, so cool!" Both twins yelled at the same time. Obviously Saito was the only one that could find that situation anything but annoying or weird.

"Look nii-chan, it has a scroll tied to its talon. Maybe that is why he is here. Or are you a she?" Saito cooed, now talking to the bird and petting its dark brown feathers. Art meanwhile was untying the scroll.

"It's another letter from the headmasterâ€¦ I think" It wasn't sign but it had the same handwriting.

"Go to the back of the Leaky Cauldron, there you will find everything you need for your first year at Hogwarts. P.D. You can keep the owl, take it as a welcome gift" Art read out loud. "There is a list attached to the letterâ€¦ There are the things we need to buy for school. This is so exciting! I feel like I'm dreaming" Saito smiled when he saw that his twin was finally showing some emotions, he usually worry for the mental well-being of his stoic brother. 'Things will be better this year' Saito thought happily.

"Woah, waitâ€¦ really?! We have our own owl! This is awesome! But what are we going to do with him while we are at school, nii? Saito pouted, finally reacting to the last part of the letter.

"Ohâ€¦ apparently you can have a pet with you at the dorms. A cat, an owl or a rat, are the pets allowed" Art read from the letter.

"Awesome!" Saito fisted the air. "I'll name him later, let's leave now." The younger twin patted one last time the silky feathers of his new owl.

"Let's go then" The twins said at the same time. They didn't have more clothes with them so they didn't have to change what they were wearing and they were ready to go in a second.

It took them two exact minutes to reach the back of the pub and approximately five more minutes for them to realize they were in front of a brick wall at the end of an alley.

"What's what is this? How are we supposed to find everything we need in here!? It's a blind alley!" Saito was frustrated. "I knew it! It was too good to be true! It was all a ruse, wasn't it? Now we are practically homeless, great!" Saito huffed while kicking a stone. He had always had a flare for dramatics.

"No, wait a second" Art said as he approached the wall and touch some of the bricks. He had had more contact with magic, so he knew the wall had some kind of trick. Just as he finished touching the last brick, the wall started moving, leaving a passage in its way.

"Iâ€"Iâ€"Iâ€"|" Saito was speechless. "How did you do that?" Art just shrugged and pull his brother to the other side of the wall. There weren't prepared for what they saw.

Art wished he had eight more eyes... There were shops selling robes, shops selling telescopes and strange silver instruments Art had never seen before, windows stacked with barrels of bat spleens and eels' eyes, tottering piles of spell books, quills, and rolls of parchment, potion bottles, globes of the moon and every object that once the twins would have thought only belonged to fairy tales.

Both of them walk for a while, absorbing everything they saw, they weren't talking, of course not; they were too shocked for talking. A few steps down the road, they found the bank, Gringotts. The twins silently enter the place and withdrew some moneyâ€" apparently they had quite a bit in their vault. Now, with money in their pockets, they decided to start buying what they needed. The only problem was that they didn't know where to start. There was just too much and they wanted to see everything. It was just after wandering for a bit, they reached a store that caught the twin's attention.

"Ollivander's Wand Shopâ€" Let's go there first, nii! I want my wand!" Saito said, already pulling Art with him towards the shop. Art didn't say anythingâ€" truth to be told, he wanted his wand too.

Once in the shop, Art had a pleasant time talking with the owner, Ollivander. He knew a lot of the magic world and it was quite illuminating talking with him. He also took his sweet time selecting a wand because none seem to fit him. He was ready to leave when he discovered that his brother was no longer in the shop, apparently Art took more time that the hyperactive twin could tolerate.

"Shit" he muttered "Where is he?" Art wondered as he exited the shop and went back to the main street. Art realized he must have spent a lot of time talking with Ollivander because it was obviously later in the morning and apparently it meant rush hour at Diagon Alley.

One of the things Art discovered during his years of protecting his brother was that if he concentrates enough, he can feel his presence.

So Art did just that and began to follow an invisible path towards his twin.

When he finally spotted his brother, he was talking cheerfully with a boy that seemed around their age. The two boys were acting as if they were best friends that had known each other their whole lives; the boy even had an arm around his brother's shoulder and was offering him a bite from his scone. Sai was never that happy when he was with Art.

Art started to feel that illogical rage that sometimes assaulted him and that was accompanied by the sadistic inner voice

\* \* \*

><p>Bye<p>

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything.\*\***

Oh, and thanks for your reviews VictoriaG27Lover, you are really kind. ^.^ you too Azab. I'll try to update this every day.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 4<strong>

**\*\*Where were you when I was burned and broken\*\***

><strong>While the days slipped by from my window watching<strong>

><strong>Where were you when I was hurt and helpless<strong>

><strong>Because the things you say and the things you do surround me<strong>

><strong>While you were hanging yourself on someone else's words<strong>

><strong>Dying to believe in what you heard<strong>

><strong>I was staring straight into the shining sun.<strong>

**\*\* - Coming back to life \*\***

When Saito finally saw his brother, the smile fell off his face. "Nii-chanâ€| sorry I went out on my own, it was just that I was really hungry and I wanted something to eat andâ€|" He trailed off while scratching the back of his neck. "But, look I made a friend! He is going to Hogwarts too, first year and all, isn't that great?" Saito pointed at the boy.

"Hiya! My name is Nice, nice to meet ya!" The boy, Nice, said with a big smile. 'How annoying' the voice said. It was getting more frequent.

"Let's go, Sai. We need to finish our shopping" Art said harshly without responding to the greeting of the boy. He wasn't used to social conventions or interactions; having to spend all of your childhood alone hadn't exactly helped neither did a constant voice in your head.



"Hey what's wrong with you? We were just having fun. You can join if you want, just chill out a bit, mate. You are not his mother." Nice said, teasingly, clearly not knowing what his words would make Art snap. He hated when someone mentioned their parents.

'\_Do it.'\_

"Shut up" Art said. Nice and Saito were looking at him as if he were crazy and maybe he was.

"What? It is true thoughâ€¦| Don't be such a mother hen." Nice went to touch Art's shoulder. Big mistake.

'\_Do it'\_'

"Inmobilus" Art whispered, keeping eye contact with the boy. Nice suddenly felt as he was being suffocated, as if something were gripping his neck and cutting out his air supply. It was terrifying. That was not an Inmobilus spell.

"Art, stop!" Saito pleaded when he heard Nice make chocking sounds. Art was brought back to reality from his rage-induced trance when he heard his brother use his name and not the childish Japanese nickname.

Nice was gasping for air. He felt dizzy, lightheaded and really afraid of the boy in front of him. Art was wide-eyed; he couldn't believe what he has just done and he wasn't about to try to explain it so he turned around and ran, leaving the two shocked boys staring after him. Saito was too stunned to go after him and truthfully he didn't want to. Nice need his help right now.

"Nice, Nice, are you okay? I'm terribly sorry; I don't know what got into him! He is not like thatâ€¦| I thinkâ€¦|well, at least he is not like that with me. To be honest, this is the first time I see him interact with another person besides meâ€¦| I'm sorry." Saito finished lamely, watching with concerned eyes as Nice rubbed his neck.

"Iâ€¦"it's okay. I guess it was my fault, I shouldn't have teased him." Nice said, rasping out the first few words. "He didn't have a wand, did he? Wandless magicâ€¦| that's scary." Nice added as an afterthought, he had never seen someone with such cold eyes. It intrigued him and he felt the sudden need to befriend the other twin.

"Iâ€¦"I should go. I need to find himâ€¦|" The younger twin still couldn't believe what his brother had done.

"It's okay, Ito! I'll see you tomorrow at the station." At least Nice was still friendly with him. "Wait for me at platform 10 so we can go together to the Hogwarts Express" Nice added with a wink, Saito blushed a bit at the other boy's antics, nodded and muttered a goodbye and went on a quest to look for his brother.

'Art is so going to pay' thought Saito as he ran down the busy streets.

\* \* \*

><p>See you!<p>

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*Disclaimer: still not mine. \*\***

**\*\*I just can imagine Art being a bit crazy... and his brother too energetic to even notice him. \*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 5<strong>

**\*\*Breathe, breathe in the air.**

>Don't be afraid to care.<br>Leave, don't leave me.

>Walk around and choose your own ground.<strong>

-Speak to me

After a fruitless search, Saito decided to return to the pub, thinking maybe Art would be there and he was right. Upon entering their room, he heard his brother quietly muttering to himself from under bed covers, he should have felt compassion or at least a little bit of pity for his elder twin but you can't expect that from a eleven year old that just have been embarrassed in front the only friend he had ever made. So Saito was feeling particularly spiteful.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Art!?" Saito yelled as he yanked the covers from his brother slender body. "You almost kill Nice! What did he do to you? He was just being friendly and you just had to ruin it, didn't you? You don't want anyone to talk to me. Nice was right, you are not my mother. I think even mom would have make better decisions than you! And what is that freaky thing you did? Wandless magic, Nice called it. Where did you learn that?" Saito finally stop to look at his brother and his heart almost fell when he saw that Art was crying. Big, fat tears were rolling down his cheeks and he had his eyes tightly shut and was grasping his lilac hair desperately, as if willing something to stop. It was a heart wrenching sight.

"Artâ€"I'mâ€"Iâ€"didn't" Saito stuttered, he hadn't meant what he had said, he was just mad, everything was so new to him and he was just trying to fit in. "Is just that Nice-

"Shut up, Saito." Art said sniffing, at same time he got off the bed and brushed past his shocked brother. Art never treat him like that, Saito knew his brother was troubled but he had never let it shown when he was present. Until today that's it. And Saito didn't handle it well.

"Don't tell me to shut up! Answer me!" The past rage was back but it was met by silence. "Okay, fine, whatever." The younger twin said after it was obvious that Art wasn't going to answer.

After that, Saito went to sleep, hogging the whole bed for himself so Art wouldn't be able to get in. The older twin had no other option but to try to get some sleep in a battered chair that decorated the room but he couldn't, so he stayed up all night, getting consumed by

those thoughts that only show themselves at night, when you are more vulnerable and alone.

The next morning was a reflection of how Art was feeling, it was gloomy and rainy. He didn't want to move, much less go to a crowded place but he knew they needed to leave now if they wanted to arrive on time to the station.

When he stood up, he felt the toll that trying to sleep on a chair had taken on his small body. Every limb was aching and he had a terrible headache and he really just wanted to sleep a bit more but he also wanted to be on time on the station so he went to wake up his brother.

"Sai! Sai! wake up" Art was saying gently as he shook his brother. "We have to leave now. The train departs in an hour" With that, Saito finally opened his violet eyes. Art smiled; he had already forgotten everything that happened yesterday. He simply couldn't fight with his younger brother.

For Saito it was different, evidently, because as the drowsiness of sleep disappeared from his eyes, they acquired a hard look, obviously he still mad with Art. Saito then proceeded to get out of the bed, fix his hair, grab his small luggage, consisting in a small sack and bird cage with his owl in it, and stomped out the room! not saying anything during the process. Art sighed sadly and did the same, following his brother to King Cross Station in complete silence.

They had barely arrived to the Station when, Saito and Art where greeted by an over enthusiastic Nice. "Ito! Hi! Good to see you!" The brunette paused. "You too, unnamed brother!" Nice teased, a bit cautiously but still... "But seriously what is your name?" He asked. Art was reeling over the whole "Ito" thing so he didn't answer. "Is there something wrong with your brother? Like really, is he okay? Is he mute?" Art heard Nice whisper to Sai.

"His name is Art but don't mind him, he doesn't know what it means to be human." Saito said dismissively. "Let's go now! Show me where is this weird platform 9 3/4" Sai prompted.

"Oh! okay!" Nice said a bit unsure, still keeping eye contact with the lilac-haired twin. "Nice meeting you!" Art" Nice offered him a genuine smile and Art gasped, shocked with the boy kindness even when he was being rude. With that Saito huffed and pulled Nice away from Art.

"Wai!" Art tried to stop them but it was too late, both of them were already running down the busy station and Art was left alone.

After wondering for a while, Art finally reached a magical wall between platform 9 and 10. He instantly knew he had to cross it, and when he did, he was met with a sight better than that from Diagon alley! a majestic train was overpowering the hidden platform with its sounds and its steam and its immense size. Art was mesmerized with the view and only reacted when he heard some kids snickering as they passed by him. Art frowned, mad at himself for being caught showing with such an stupid expression in his face, so he shook his hair a bit and put on a neutral expression and began walking towards

the gate of train, totally unaware that a pair of cobalt eyes were watching his every move from a window of the train.

"Your brother seems nice" Nice said after turning his head from the window where he was watching Art, to meet the eyes of the gray-haired boy. "You are identical, aside from your hair, it's quite disturbing" Nice blinked, taking in the appearance of the younger twin. Saito and Nice had been sitting in a train compartment for some time now and they were chatting about nothing and everything, Nice, only getting distracted when he saw the other twin outside his window.

"Yeahâ€¦ he is niceâ€¦ I thinkâ€¦ I'm not sure anymore but at least now he won't be always with me, you know? He is way too overprotective for his own good, he needs to relax a bit, make some friendsâ€¦" Saito mused. He wasn't completely sure of what he was saying, for more than nine years, his brother has been his safe haven and he was feeling guilty for how he has treated him. 'I'm going to fix everything when we reach Hogwarts.' Saito thought.

Nice didn't answer and the atmosphere was suddenly awkward.

"But let's not talk about him now! I want to know everything about you and magic and Hogwarts and everything!" Nice snickered at Sai's enthusiasm. The awkwardness dissipated in a second.

"Okay, okay first, pray to be in Gryffindor! It's the most amazing house there isâ€¦ what? Don't tell me you don't want to be in Gryffindor! Are you one of those pure blood snakes?" Nice added when he saw the look on Saito's face.

"Gryffinâ€¦ what? Snakes? What are you talking about?" Sai inquired. Nice squinted his eyes and looked at the boy analytically, his eyes suddenly widening as he came to a realization.

"You are muggle-born! Wow, that is quite the shock! A muggle-born almost choked me to deathâ€¦ impressive. I was sure you were pure-bloodsâ€¦" Nice willed himself to stop when he saw Saito's concerned and confused face. "Oh, sorry I guess I'll have to explain everything to you Ito, good thing we have time." By now the train was already moving and they had the luck to remain alone in their compartment so Nice decided to close the door.

Meanwhile in a different compartment, Art was sitting alone, replaying again and again the conversation that he had overheard. '\_Yeahâ€¦ he is niceâ€¦ I thinkâ€¦ I'm not sure anymore but at least now he won't be always with me, you know?' 'At least now he won't be always with me.' 'At least now he won't be always with me'. \_That little phrase had engraved itself in Art's brain and he was one step short from having a mental breakdown. 'It's not fair'

He had suffered many things to make sure his brother was safe, hell, the magic he learn to use was to protect him from their parents. He just never realized that he was one of the things he must protect his brother of. He was not normal. He had done many wrong thingsâ€¦ yes to keep Saito safe but that had been his downfall. Now he was a mess. There was this constant voice in his face that kept telling him that it was all Saito's fault, his and his parent's and he was starting to believe it.

"Please, just shut up." Art whispered lamely not realizing that at

that same moment two kids had indented to enter his compartment, only to bolt out of there when they saw Art speaking with himself. Art almost laugh out loud. 'Just my luck' Art thought as he lay down in the coach, planning to catch up on some sleep.

It was the sound of the horn that woke him up, announcing that they had arrived to their destination. Art stood up and exited the train with the other students, which apparently were already wearing robes. Art felt stupid and wanted to find his brother to feel at ease, not caring Sai was still mad at him, but it didn't help at all because when he saw Nice and Art happily talking both of them were wearing robes.

Nice turned his head in the direction where Art was and grinned. "Art, come here!" he yelled and every single student turned to see who this Art person Nice was calling was. Nice was quite popular and famous in the magic world thanks to his family so he tends to gather a lot of attention, unwanted or otherwise.

Art felt like hiding, with all that eyes that were on him, he was on edge, but, nevertheless he began walking slowly towards Nice and his brother, only to be yanked by the arm by Nice when he was close enough to the brunette. "Art! Where were you? You missed my detailed explanation of the magic world!" The brunette gloated.

"I didn't want to intrude." Art said softly. Nice's eyes widening, it was the first time the twin had answered him.

"Oh, so you do talk!" Nice joked, looking at Art in the eyes. Saito nudged Nice. "Stop teasing him." Saito said.

"Okay, fine, let's go, we don't want to miss the sorting." Nice said, pulling both of the twins with him.

After that, everything was a blur, too much, everything was too much. Even Nice, which was raised in a magic household, was impressed. They were so absorbed in the beauty that was Hogwarts that they acted as in auto-pilot, not really paying attention to what there were doing. So, before they knew it, they were in the middle of the sorting and one by one, the Sorting Hat was putting everyone in their new houses.

"Nice" Nice name was called and he walked to the front and sat in the old chair. The Sorting Hat hadn't even touched his head when it pronounced:

GRIFFINDOR!

A loud cheer accompanied with applauses came from the long Gryffindor table and Nice went to sit with his fellow lions, receiving some pats in the back when he sat.

"Saito" The professor called and Saito did the same as Nice and surprisingly the Hat did too immediately announcing that he was in Gryffindor too.

"Yes!" Saito celebrated with the rest of his house mates.

"Art" the moment the professor called his name, Nice muttered to Sai. "I hope he doesn't get sorted into Slytherin, because of his magic

and all that." Sai gulped, afraid, now that he knew the fame that Slytherin's have.

Art went to the front, and sat in the chair and the hat was put on his head but this time the hat was silent for a while, only speaking to Art.

"Ah, right, thenâ€¦. You are differentâ€¦ I see. What will I do with youâ€¦? You would do well in Slytherin,â€¦hmmmâ€¦"

"Please I want to be in Gryffindor" Art willed. He wanted to be with his brother.

"Gryffindor you sayâ€¦? You do have the qualitiesâ€¦ hmmm." Silence. "Okay then. GRIFFINDOR!" The hat yelled.

Nice and Saito sighed, relieved.

\* \* \*

><p>Art brother seems like the sweetest kid ever, so this is just bad characterization xD it won't always be like that, though. see ya.<p>

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing! \*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Chapter 6 <strong>

When Art went to sit to the Gryffindor table, he was greeted kindly by his new housemates and because Saito had chosen the place in bench in front of Nice, he was forced to sit besides the brunette, who immediately took that as an opportunity to talk to him.

"Art, I'm glad you are in Gryffindor too! I was worried for a second, you know? I thought that with your weird magic you would get sorted into Slytherin." Nice said enthusiastically, not knowing he had offended Art along the way with the "weird" remark.

"Please don't touch me." It was until Art muttered those words, that Nice realized he was gripping Art's arm with both of his hands. Nice instantly released him.

"Okay, sorry, but wait until everyone knows what you can do! You'll be famous!"

"Please don't tell anyone" Art said quietly.

"Why? It'll be awesome!" Nice pushed, whining a little.

Art had a bad feeling about his so called 'instinctive magic' "Just don'tâ€¦ please Nice." The lilac-haired twin pleaded. That did it for Nice. He couldn't say no to Art.

"Okay, then! It'll be our little secret" Nice smiled, obviously pleased with himself.

"Thanks" was the only reply he obtained from the lilac-haired boy whom proceeded to turn his head to watch the rest of the sorting, effectively putting an end to their conversation. Nice face fell; he wanted to keep talking with the older twin.

"He'll come around" Saito said quietly, after watching the whole exchange. "He just isn't used to be around other people" we haven't had the best of childhoods." Sai added, this time it wasn't dismissive or offensive, just the truth.

"Okay" Nice mumble, looking down at the table, not listening to the rest of the sorting.

Saito, while Nice was sulking, was talking to the other kids, each one of them instantly liking the gray-haired twin. Saito already loved Hogwarts and it just seem so natural for him to be there.

It took a while to finish the sorting but when it was over, an old guy with black and white hair stood up from the professor's table and went to stand in front of an owl-shaped podium. 'He must be the headmaster' Art thought.

"No more to say but, enjoy your banquet!" He clapped his hands and suddenly the four long tables were filled with every possible food one can imagine. The students cheered and dug in. Poultry, meat, fish, potatoes, salads, everything was passed around and was finished in an instant only to be followed by a new assortment of food, this time of desserts. Plates full of sugary delicacies, fountains of chocolate, bowls full of ice cream, candies and much more, were presented in front of the students.

Art, that hadn't eaten anything before was suddenly interested, his eyes were shining and Nice even heard the older twin's stomach rumble. Nice perked up.

"You have a sweet-tooth!" The brunette said, happy to finally know something about the elusive twin. Art didn't answer; instead he just reached for a plate of tarts that were in front of him.

"Nice taste this, is delicious!" Saito interrupted and bend over the table to stuff a piece of fudge in the mouth of the brunette.

"Woah, it really is! Where are those things?" Nice said and was promptly distracted from Art as he began chatting with Sai and other kids.

Art silently eat the tart, watching from the corner of his eyes how Saito and Nice interacted, as well as the other kids. He was so concentrated, that when he reached to grab another pastry, he was surprised (and a bit disgusted) by the head of one of Hogwarts' ghost that was in the middle of the table, effectively putting an end to his appetite.

After the plates were empty, the headmaster stood up again.

"The banquet is over. Now, Prefects, show the new students to their dorms." Four fifth year students stood up and called their respective houses to follow them.

Everyone obeyed and followed to prefect across the maze that was the castle of Hogwarts. They didn't stop until they reached a painting of a fat lady that demanded a password; the prefect quickly said it and a door was revealed. Everyone crossed and the first-years were welcome by a huge living room, with an equally enormous fireplace. The place was warm and it exuded a home-y aura.

"This is the Gryffindor common room, upstairs you'll find the rooms, girls to the right side and boys to the left." The prefect instructed. "Each room will be share between four students. I will call your names to make the distribution. Also classes start in a week, so use your time wisely." The prefect finished.

Art had tuned out everything; he was trying to calm himself in order to fight the nausea that he was feeling since dinner ended so he barely heard when his name was called.

"Art, Saito, Birthday and Nice. Your room is the last one, at the end of the hall; your things are already there." The prefect dismissed them after that.

They were the last ones to be mentioned so they were alone in the common room.

"Sweet! I get the clones and the little princeling." A kid with bright blond hair and blue tinted specs said "Yo! I'm Birthday, by the way!" he added "Let's get along." He finished with a smirk, eyeing the other three kids which remained awfully quiet, surprised by the new kid's antiques. "Ratio! I'm stuck with three losers!" The blond boy yelled to no one.

"Ehhh! We are not losers!" Nice and Saito reacted at the same time. Only Art remaining silent.

"That's what I wanted to hear! You were all quiet and all; I wanted to do a little test." Birthday said. Nice and Saito smiled and introduced themselves. After that, the four of them went to their shared room where four king beds were waiting. They were four-posted beds, each one with a heavy curtain that surrounded them. Art thanked the gods for this; at least he would have a bit of privacy.

"Ohâ€¦ our stuff is really here! Even my owl!" Saito exclaimed.

"Yeah, yeah, 'bout that, I heard you need to let your owl go to the owlery so he can receive your letters and stuff." Nice said. "My cat must be around here tooâ€¦" Nice said, wondering where the little devil had run off to.

"Well, it looks like they already picked our beds for us" Birthday stated, glancing at each bed, yep, the bags of each were already in a bed. "I'm fine with it; I get to be close to the door and to the sociable twin." The blond smirked teasingly and Saito laughed. Both of their beds were next to each other and in front of Saito's bed was Art's and besides Art, was Nice's.

"Well, I get the pretty lilac-haired twin! My win." Nice said, staring directly at Art. Art just lowered his head and closed the drapes of his bed, effectively shutting himself out of view. Nice sighed; he just wanted Art to talk to him.



"Okaaaayâ€|. That's was weird." Birthday said. Sai just nodded. "Never mind that, any of you like pranks?"

"Yeah!" Nice and Saito said at the same time, and that's how the prankster trio was born. The three of them stayed up all night chatting about everything, primarily of the first prank they would do.

Meanwhile, in his bed, Art was silently dealing with an intrusive cat that he discovered under his covers but was too tired to move, so he let it stay there. The cat eventually move to rest on top of the twin and its fluffy fur and the heavy weight on top of him brought him peace during his first night at Hogwarts.

\* \* \*

><p>Another update soon!<p>

End  
file.